

BOBBY BENSON'S

B-Bar-B RIDERS

No. 4

THE LEMONADE KID
IN
WEBS OF DOOM!





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BOBBY BENSON'S

B-BAR-B RIDERS



AT MARKET TIME BOBBY BENSON SUDDENLY DISCOVERS SICK CATTLE IN HIS HERD! STRANGE TRACKS ARE FOUND ALONG THE B-BAR-B FENCE AND BULLETS CUT CLOSE BY AS BOBBY BENSON AND HIS DAUNTLESS RIDERS GALLOP INTO THE EERIE NIGHT TO FIND THE BAFFLING SECRET OF... "THE MYSTERY HERD!"

BOBBY BENSON, YOUNG OWNER OF THE B-BAR-B CATTLE SPREAD, AND HIS HARD-RIDING HANDS LISTEN ATTENTIVELY AS A VETERINARIAN FINISHES EXAMINING THE HERD.

ROUGHLY TEN PER CENT OF YOUR HERD ARE SICK CATTLE, ABSOLUTELY UNFIT FOR SALE!

GOLLY, WE EXPECTED TO MOVE THE WHOLE HERD NORTH TO MARKET IN THREE DAYS!

I SUGGEST YOU PLACE THE SICK CATTLE IN A SEPARATE FIELD SO THEY WON'T INFECT ANY OTHERS IN THE HERD. THEY ALL ARE YOUR CATTLE, AREN'T THEY?

SURE ARE — THEY ALL HAVE THE B-BAR-B BRAND ON THEM... BUT TWO DAYS AGO THERE WASN'T A SICK STEER IN THE WHOLE HERD! SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON!



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**BUT A QUICK LOOK CONFIRMS BOBBY'S
DUMB NEWS!**

FIFTY SICK STEERS—AND ALL WITH THE B-BAR-B BRAND! TONIGHT LET'S STRING UP CANS FILLED WITH PEBBLES ALONG THE FENCE BY OUR NEW NEIGHBORS. IF ANYONE CROSSES WE CAN HEAR THE RATTLE.

THAT WON'T BE ALL YU'LL HEAR! SPARKS'LL BE FLYIN'! I GOT THAT SECTION OF THE FENCE ALL WIRED!



**THAT NIGHT THE BOYS
SPLIT UP AND LISTEN
ALONG THE FENCE.
SUDDENLY...!**

BOBBY, WAS THAT YOU SHAKIN' CHANGE IN YORE POCKET?

NO, WINDY! THE CANS ARE RATTI-ING!



COME ON! LET'S SEE WHO'S FIDDLING AROUND OUR FENCE!

WAIT TILL I THROW ON THE SWITCH! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S DOWN BY THE FENCE, BUT HE'S GONNA HAVE A HEAP OF VOLTS TO KEEP 'IM COMPANY!



**BOBBY AND WINDY RACE DOWN TO THE
FENCE...**

CAREFUL WHEN YOU REACH THE FENCE, WINDY!

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, LITTLE BOSS! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'... YIII!



**MEANWHILE DOWN THE FENCE A FEW YARDS TWO
SHADY FIGURES BECOME ALERT...**

HEY! DID YOU HEAR THAT FELLA YELL? SOMEONE'S SNOOPIN' AROUND HERE!

QUICK! SWING THE RAMP BACK BEFORE THEY SEE US!



HERE THEY ARE! WINDY, TURN OFF THE JUICE, AND CALL THE BOYS!

START THE MOTOR! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BRAT!



**AS WINDY TURNS OFF THE ELECTRICITY, BOBBY
LEAPS OVER THE FENCE...**

WHAT'S IN THAT TRUCK? I'M GOING TO SEE! UNNGH!!

THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOIN' TO SEE, KID, IS STARS!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



THERE GOES A TRUCK, TEX!

FIRE AT THEIR TIRES!



BOBBY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KID?

Y-YES. I COULDN'T SEE WHO THEY WERE, THEY HAD A TRUCK—THAT'S ALL I KNOW. CAN YOU STOP 'EM?



'FRAID NOT. THEIR TRUCK VANISHED IN THE NIGHT. WE MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT 'EM IF WINDY HADN'T GOT HIMSELF A SHOCK AND SCARED 'EM OFF!

IT'S FUNNY—THEY WERE NEAR THE FENCE TOO, BECAUSE THE CANS RATTLED, BUT THE ELECTRICITY DIDN'T AFFECT THEM... I THINK I KNOW WHY, AND NEXT TIME I MEET UP WITH THEM I'M

SETT-ING THEM!



THE NEXT MORNING TEX ENTERS BOBBY'S LABORATORY...

WINDY SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE ME!

TEX, GET ALL THE HEALTHY CATTLE ROUNDED UP AND HERD THEM THROUGH THE CORRAL CHUTE ONE BY ONE. I'M GOING TO SPRAY THEM WITH LU-MINOUS PAINT!



SOON AFTER, THE B-BAR-B WANKS ROUNDED UP AND LEAD THE HERD BY BOBBY WHO BUSILY WORKS HIS SPRAY GUN...

YIPES! MOVE ALONG, DOGGIE!

BEATS ME WHAT THIS SPRAYIN' DOES FOR THESE CRITTERS! I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE STUFF YORE SPRAYIN' 'EM WITH!



YOU WILL WHEN THE TIME COMES!

WAL, MEBBE IT'LL KEEP FLIES OFF'N THEM!



IT'S GOING TO DO MORE THAN THAT! IT'LL KEEP RUSTLERS OFF OUR RANCH! NOW TO FINISH UP MY PLANS BY PUTTING AN ULTRAVIOLET SLIDE OVER THE SPOT-LIGHT ON MY JEEP!

IF IT'S ANYTHIN' REMOTELY CONNECTED WITH LIGHTS OR ELECTRICITY—COUNT ME OUT!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

THAT NIGHT THE MYSTERIOUS RUSTLERS STRIKE AGAIN!

RECKON THEM FOOLS FIGURED WE'D LAY OFF AFTER LAST NIGHT'S TROUBLE—THEY TOOK DOWN THE RATTLIN' CANS!

FINE! THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE! THEY'RE PLAN-NIN' TO RIDE TO MARKET TOMORROW—ONLY WE'LL BE DOIN' THE MARKETIN'. LET'S GET THE RAMP ACROSS THAT FENCE!



THE TWO MEN WORK QUICKLY AND THROW A LONG RAMP ACROSS THE FENCE. ONE END LIES ON THEIR PROPERTY AND THE OTHER ON BOBBY'S, AND THEY START TO CROSS IT...

SMOOTH AND SILENT! NO NEED TO CUT DOWN FENCES OR RIP WIRES—AN' NO CLUES LEFT BEHIND!

THIS RAMP SURE WAS A BRAINSTORM! NOW LET'S START MOVIN' SOME NICE HEALTHY B-BAR-B CATTLE TO OUR SIDE!



SOON AFTER THE B-BAR-B CATTLE START UP THE RAMP AND ARE PRODDED ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE...

DID YA COUNT FIFTY OF 'EM?

RIGHT! NOW LET'S REPLACE 'EM BEFORE SOMEONE HEARS US!



BUT THE RUSTLERS ARE HEARD!

IF THIS DON'T BE THE WERDEST THING OF ALL! MAYBE SOME LEPRECHAUNS BE PLAYIN' GAMES WITH US! NO WONDER WE NEVER LOSE CATTLE! THEY MARCH 'EM RIGHT BACK!

SEEMS TUM ME I HEARD CATTLE TRAMPIN' OVER WOODEN BOARDS OUT OF OUR PROPERTY, AN' NOW I HEAR CATTLE TRAMPIN' OVER BOARDS BACK INTO OUR RANGE! THEY AIN'T BEIN' RUSTLED—THEY'RE BEIN' EXERCISED!



BUT THEY DON'T SEND THE SAME OVES BACK! I'M TURNING ON THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE SOMETHING AMAZING! WATCH!



BOBBY TURNS ON THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT AND THE CATTLE BRAYED WITH THE LUMINOUS PAINT SUDDENLY GLOW AN' SERIE RED IN THE NIGHT...

YEEOW! GH-GHOSTS!

TARNATION! S-SOME-THIN'S GONE WRONG! RED CATTLE!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! RED STEERS!

THOSE ARE OUR CATTLE, AND THEY'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE! I SPRAYED THEM WITH LUMINOUS RED PAINT THIS AFTERNOON! NOW WATCH WHEN I TURN ON THE JEEP LIGHTS!



LOOK! THERE'S ANOTHER HERD OF CATTLE MOVING DOWN THAT RAMP TO OUR SIDE. WE COULDN'T SEE THEM BEFORE UNDER THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T SPRAYED. THEY AREN'T OURS!

BUT, LITTLE BOSS, THEY ALL GOT THE B-BAR-B BRAND!



SUDDENLY BOBBY SWINGS THE JEEP'S LIGHTS ACROSS THE FENCE AND THE BOYS SEE THE RUSTLERS...

AND I BET THE CATTLE ON OUR SIDE ARE ALL SICK! GET 'EM, BOYS!

THIS TIME THEY WON'T GET AWAY! B-BAR-B, LET'S GO!



QUICKLY THE B-BAR-B RIDERS RACE ACROSS THE RAMP AND LEAP FOR THE STILL STARTLED RUSTLERS...

SO YOU'VE BEEN REPLACING OUR CATTLE WITH SICK STEERS! MISTER, NOW YOU'RE GOING TO FEEL MIGHTY SICK!

I'LL BURN YA DOWN... URRGH!



HERE'S ONE INJUN WHO'S GOIN' TUN THE HAPPY HUNTIN' GROUND, PRONTO!

YOU WRONG! I FIND HAPPY HUNTING RIGHT HERE!



SAVE ONE FER ME... LOOK OUT, IRISH!

TRY TO FIRE AT ME BACK, WILL YOU!

Aieee!



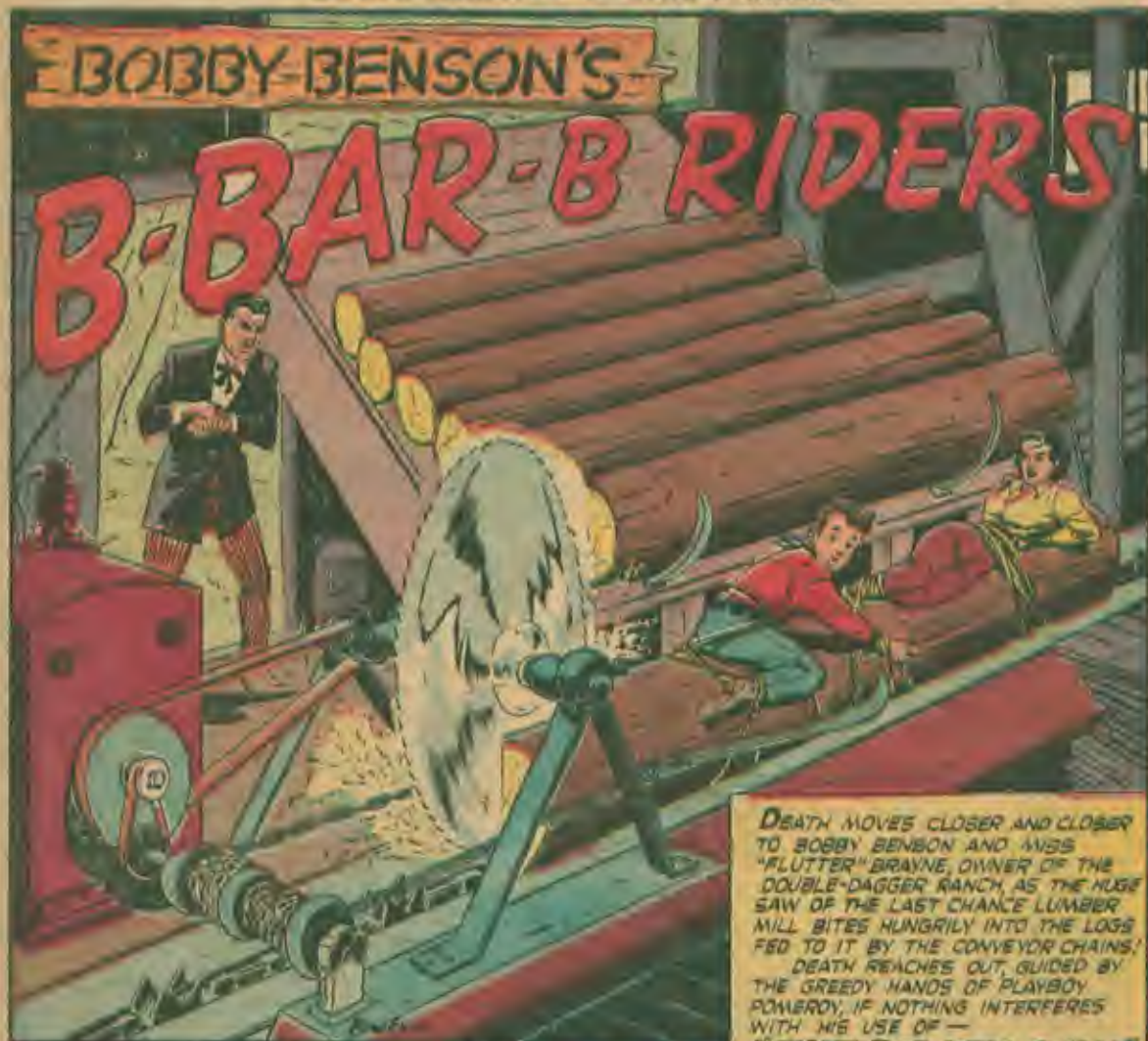
ON YOUR FEET AND NO TRICKS!

BOBBY! BOBBY! I AIN'T GOT NO HEAD FER FIGGERS, BUT I'LL SWEAR WE GOT TWICE AS MANY HEAD OF CATTLE NOW!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



Listen to the Cowboy Kid Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!



DEATH MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO BOBBY BENSON AND MISS "FLUTTER" BRAYNE, OWNER OF THE DOUBLE-DAGGER RANCH, AS THE HUGE SAW OF THE LAST CHANCE LUMBER MILL BITES HUNGRILY INTO THE LOGS FED TO IT BY THE CONVEYOR CHAINS! DEATH REACHES OUT, GUIDED BY THE GREEDY HANDS OF PLAYBOY POMEROY, IF NOTHING INTERFERES WITH HIS USE OF —

"THE DEATH SAW"

OIL! OIL ON THE DOUBLE-DAGGER RANCH THAT I SOLD TO THAT STUPID BRAYNE FEMALE!

LOOK ALIVE, POMEROY! HERE COMES SOMEBODY TRAVELLIN' FAST!



IT'S THAT BENSON BRAT! I BETTER CHASE HIM FAST! IF HE SEES US SNOOPING AROUND HER RANCH, HE'LL HAVE THAT MASON GUY ON OUR NECKS!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

FLANDY FUMERDY TAKES OVER THE OLD ABANDONED LUMBER MILL AS A BLIND, A FEW MEN WORK AT THE SAWMILL...

BUT, BEHIND THE FALSE FRONTS OF WORK-SHACKS, A DIFFERENT TYPE OF CAMP ARISES. A BIG OIL SHAFT IS BUNK INTO THE GROUND, AND GIANT DRILLS SLIDE DOWN THROUGH THE EARTH...

AT THAT MOMENT BOBBY BENSON IS QUARTERING UP FROM THE B-BAR-B SPREAD TO MEET MISS FLUTTER...

WE CAN TAKE ENOUGH OIL OUT OF HERE UNDER OUR TEN-YEAR LEASE TO MAKE US MILLIONAIRES TEN TIMES OVER!

YOU SURE PULLED A FAST ONE, ALL RIGHT! AND BEST OF ALL THERE'S NOTHIN' NOBODY CAN DO! IT'S ALL LEGAL!

I HEAR YOU LEASED YOUR LAND FOR TIMBER RIGHTS, MISS BELINDA.

THOSE TREES AREN'T DOING ME ANY GOOD, —ALTHOUGH I HOPE THE LOGGERS LEAVE ME ENOUGH FOR A WINDBREAK... SHALL WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE LUMBER CAMP WHILE WE WAIT FOR TEX AND THE BOYS TO JOIN US ON OUR PICNIC?

MUM! LOOKS MORE LIKE AN OIL WELL TO ME!

BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I DIDN'T LEASE OIL RIGHTS! LET'S RIDE, BOBBY!

YOU LATE, NOW, BABY! I COVERED THE OIL WELL WITH A FINE PRINT CLAUSE! I GET ALL THE OIL I CAN DRILL OUT OF HERE FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS!

BUT YOU WON'T — BECAUSE I'M GOING TO PHONE MY LAWYERS IN NEW YORK. THEY HAVE TO SIGN THAT LEASE AS TRUSTEES. YOU SEE, I BOUGHT THE RANCH WITH TRUST FUNDS.

IF THAT'S TRUE — THEN MY LEASE WON'T BE LEGAL UNTIL THEY'VE SIGNED!

AND THEY WON'T SIGN — WHEN I PHONE THEM NOT TO! YOU... OHHH! LET ME GO!

YOU LET HER GO! LET MISS BELINDA ALONE!

WHY, YOU BRAT! I'LL FIX YOU...!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



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AND THEN BOBBY OPENS HIS EYES! IN HIS HAND IS THE STONE HE PICKED UP FROM THE SAWMILL FLOOR. HIS BONDS ARE LOOSELY, HURRIEDLY TIED...

THE SAW! RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

THAT HANDLE ON THE GASOLINE MOTOR IS A STOP-START LEVER. IT WON'T SHUT OFF THE MOTOR... BUT IT WILL HALT THE SAW... IF I CAN HIT IT WITH THIS ROCK...

ONLY ONE CHANCE! I'VE GOT TO RISK EVERYTHING! I'VE BEEN PRACTISING WITH A BASEBALL ALL SPRING TO GET CONTROL... SO HERE GOES!

BOBBY! YOU DID IT! THE SAW IS STOPPING!

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY, MISS FLUTTER!

BOBBY—YOU'RE A HERO!

BUT THE SUDDEN STOPPING OF THE MOTOR HAS BROUGHT LARSEN ON THE RUN!

WHAT THE—? BLAST IT! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GONE OUT TO GET POMEROY!

BOBBY... WATCH OUT!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO FREE YOURSELF... BUT YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN!

THUD!

STOP FIGHTING, BABY! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! THIS TIME THERE'S NO HOPE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

YOU BEAST... YOU FIEND! LET... ME... GO! OH... WON'T SOMEBODY HELP ME?

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



NOT MORE THAN A HALF-MILE AWAY.

THERE'S AMIGO NOW, BOYS! AND MISS FLUTTER'S PONY!

LISTEN! ODOONE - AIN'T THAT MISS FLUTTER'S VOICE - YELLIN' FOR HELP!



YIII!

LITTLE BOSS! HE - HE'S DAID!

HUH?

IN A COLD, MAD FURY, TEX MASON HURLS HIMSELF AT POMEROY! HIS HARD FISTS POUND LIKE PISTONS!

NO...NO...NO... DON'T HIT ME!

DON'T HIT YOU, YOU YELLOW COWARD!! TYING A GIRL AND BOY ON THAT LOG....

FOR A FEW MOMENTS, TEX GOES COLDLY MAD! HIS FISTS TEAR AND BATTER MERCILESSLY...

I'M ALMOST SORRY... THAT I HAVE TO...TURN YOU OVER TO... THE LAW!



STOPPING THE WHIRLING SAW, TEX MASON'S MISS BELINDA, AND TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO TEX MASON.

DOGGONE, LITTLE BOSS! IF WE AIN'T BEEN KIDN' OUT FOR THAT PICNIC... PLOOPY!

HE STOPPED THE SAW ONCE HE'S A HERO, WINDY! IS HE ALL RIGHT?



IF I EVER SEE THIS POMEROYLE POLECAT ANYWHERE WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF THIS BIG BEND COUNTRY, I'M GOING TO DO ANOTHER JOB ON HIM! TAKE 'EM INTO TOWN, IRISH! I WANT TO SEE BOBBY!

I'LL BEAF-TER DOIN' THAT, TEX. I ONLY HOPE ONE O' THESE SIDE WINDERS TRIES SOMETHIN' FUNNY. I GOT AN AWFUL ITCH ON MY TRIG-GER FINGER!



BUT BOBBY, WITH THE STRONG BODY OF A COW COUNTRY BOY - IS THINKING OF ONE THING...

ALL RIGHT? SURE I'M ALL RIGHT - "CEPT I CAN ALMOST TASTE THOSE TURKEY SANDWICHES MISS FLUTTER MADE FOR OUR PICNIC - SO LET'S BAT! I'M HUNGRY!

LITTLE BOSS - I ER - FER ONCE I GOT NOTHIN' TO SAY!



The LEMONADE KID



MEXICAN MOONLIGHT SILVERS THE STREETS OF
CARRIZAL AS A VOICE RIPS THE SILENT NIGHT
WITH SHRIEKS OF FEAR...



STRUGGLING AND SCREAMING, HE IS LIFTED
HIGHER AND HIGHER, HELPLESS!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CARRIZAL MAYOR...

DON CARLOS IS SAFE, GENTLEMEN! HE IS THE FOURTH MAN I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO SNATCH FROM THE SPIDER'S WEBB!

WE OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT, SENOR! THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT, WHEN IT LOANED YOU TO US, PICKED A GOOD MAN! BUT WHAT OF THE SPIDER HIMSELF? CAN YOU CAPTURE HIM?

I LEARNED HIS PLANS TO KIDNAP WEALTHY MEXICAN'S FROM OVERHEARING SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION IN THE TOWN SLUMS. PERHAPS SOON I CAN GET A REPORT THAT THE SPIDER HAS MADE HIS FATAL MISTAKE!



SOMEWHAT LATER IN ONE OF THE TOWN'S SLUM TAPINGS, THE SILVER SLIPPER...

SOMEWHERE DOWN HERE I OUGHT TO LEARN THE SPIDER'S NEXT MOVE!



THERE HE IS, LOLITA! YOU SEE THE LEMONADE KID? YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

SI, SI! YOU LEAVE THEES HOMBRE TO LOLITA...!



SENOR, SENOR! HELP ME! HELP ME!

WHY... SURE, MA'AM! WHAT'S WRONG?



MY BROTHER! HE IS BE CAPTURED BY THE SO TERRIBLE SPIDER! EEF YOU COULD ONLY HELP HEEM LIKE YOU HELP OTHERS...

RECKON I MIGHT, AT THAT!



YOU COME FOLLOW LOLITA. SHE TAKE YOU WHERE YOU FIND THE BROTHER...

THIS HAS ALL THE EAR-MARKS OF A TRAP! BUT IF I WANT TO GET THE SPIDER... I HAVE TO TAKE THE RISK!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



MY BROTHER EES SEN 'DOBE SHACK FIVE MILES OUTSIDE CARRIZAL!

YOU LEAD THE WAY, I'M FOLLOWING...



'ERE WE ARE!



GRAB HEEM!

A TRAP! I KNEW IT! WELL, I WALKED INTO THIS WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN...



FIGHTING AND STRUGGLING, THE LEMONADE KID CARRIES HIS ASSAILANTS ACROSS THE ROOM AS HE BATTLES WITH THE FURY OF A CAGED BOBCAT!



HE EES ONE MUCHOS FUERTE HOMBRE!

FIGHTING HEEM EES LIKE FIGHTING A ROOMFUL OF TIGERS!

THUDD!



GOOD WORK, LOLITA! NOW -VAMOS! THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE!

GRACIAS, SENOR!

UNCONSCIOUS AND HELPLESS, THE LEMONADE KID IS FLUNG ON A BUCKBOARD AND TRUNDLED OUT INTO THE DESOLATE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY--AND THERE HUNG HELPLESS AND LIMP IN A NET OVER A 2000 FOOT HIGH CHASM...

CAREFUL WSETH MY 'SO-GOOD FRIEND, THE LEMONADE KID! I DO NOT WANT ANYTHING TO HURT HIM ...UNTIL THE MOUNTAIN EAGLES AND THE BUZZARDS ARE HUNGRY ENOUGH TO FINISH HEEM OFF!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AND NOW FOR THE MASTER STROKE OF MY CAREER! —TO CAPTURE THE MEXICO LIMITED WHICH IS EVEN NOW BEARING DOWN ON THE NEW SIDING WHICH WILL DIVERT IT TO MY MOUNTAIN CAVE!

FOR DAVE THE SPIDER'S PLANS HAVE BEEN LAYING TIES AND RAILS! NOW, AS THE MEXICO LIMITED THUNDERS TOWARD THAT NEW SIDING... THEY LEAP FROM THE SWAYING TRAIN CAR ROOFS!

CARAMBA! THE SPIDER AND HIS WEBS!

NOW THAT THE TRAIN BEES OURS —WE CAN DRIVE BEET OVER THE NEW SIDING!

SI—TOWARD THE CAVE WHERE THE SPIDER WAITS!



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, IN THE SPIDER'S LAIR...

A MILLION DOLLAR'S WORTH OF IMPORTED SILKS... VELVETS... GOLD... JEWELS... ALL MINE!



MEANWHILE, SWAYING AND SHAKING TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE A ROCKY CANYON FLOOR, THE LEMONADE KID FACES CERTAIN DEATH!

THE MORE I STRUGGLE THE MORE I WRAP MYSELF IN THIS NETTING! I CAN'T EVEN DEFEND MYSELF...

...AGAINST THESE BIRDS! I'VE NO CHANCE AT ALL TO WORK FREE! NO WEAPON... NO KNIFE... I'LL BE EXHAUSTED SOON... TOO WEAK TO FIGHT THEM OFF... BUT MAYBE—!

THE SHARP-SHARP HORN OF THE KID'S SPUR CATCHES IN A BIT OF WEBBING... CUTS THE NET CLEANLY WITH A DOWNWARD THRUST OF THE LEMONADE KID'S LEG...

MY SPUR! IT'S SHARP! SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT THIS STUFF... IT WILL DO IT... BUT IT WILL TAKE TIME...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

SWIFTLY AND BRACELY THE
LEMONADE KID KICKS BOTH
FEET-SAVING, SLASHING, CUT-
TING THE NET EDGES...

MADE IT! KICKED MYSELF
FREE...



I CAN FOLLOW THE
SPIDER'S TRAIL EASILY ENOUGH...
BUT WITHOUT MY GUNS, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT GOOD I CAN
DO...



NEW RAILROAD TRACKS AND A BIT
OF SILK! THE MEXICO LIMITED WAS
CARRYING SILK...BUT THIS TRACK IS
FAR OFF ITS ROUTE! SAY-COME TO
THINK OF IT...I DID HEAR THE
SPIDER MENTION THE MEXICO
LIMITED AS HE RODE AWAY...



HOURS LATER, AS THE LEMONADE KID MAKES HIS
WAY AHEAD ON THE TABLELAND ABOVE THE SPIDER'S
CAVE...

THE SPIDER HAS GUARDS EVERYWHERE!
NO CHANCE OF GETTING DOWN TO HIS CAVE!
HUN... WHAT'S THAT HOLE?



DISCOVERING ONE OF THE NATURAL CHIMNEYS
THAT KEEPS THE AIR CLEAN IN THE GREAT CAVE
BELOW, THE LEMONADE KID GOES DOWN...



WHERE ARE THOSE
ROCKS COMING
FROM?

UP THERE!
LOOK!

A MAN...
COMING
DOWN!



HE'LL COME DOWN
HERE WITH HIS GOODS
COOKED WHEN THE
FIRE STARTS HEATING
THEM UP!

IF THE FIRE DOESN'T
GET HIM...MY COAT
AS WELL...!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

THE FLAMES ROAR HIGHER AND HIGHER BELOW HIM—HE IS CAUGHT IN AN INFERNO OF BLAZING HEAT AND CHOKING SMOKE, WITH BULLETS BOUNCING AND WHINING ALL AROUND HIM...

—COUGH—COUGH— CANT SEE... EYES WATERING... ONE OF THOSE BULLETS HAS TO GET ME...

ONLY ONE THING TO DO... TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS SQAURE OF SILK...

HOT AIR LIFTS! THIS SILK WILL FILL WITH IT AND ACT LIKE A PARACHUTE...IT'LL GET ME DOWN THERE PRONTO!



BOBBY DENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



Listen to the Cowboy Kid Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!

OUTLAWS ARE ALWAYS STRANGERS

HE CAME trudging down the slope of the Sierras, aware of the cutting wind blowing down out of the dwarf pinons and conifers above him. Slung across his left shoulder was a heavy sack reinforced with strips of buffalo hide, bulging with big chunks of rich, crude gold. Despite the fantastic weight of that sack, and the coldness of the winds, Dan Crawford walked with light feet. He had struck it rich, back there under a rock overhang and alongside a stream of flowing mountain water. He had found gold — an emperor's ransom in gold!

It's the break, at last! he thought exultantly, the warmth of his blood beating through him. Now Ellen can have the doctors she needs, all the best of medical care!

He had come west with Ellen two years ago, when the doctors in Boston had told him, with wry shakes of their heads, that he had to get her into fresh clean dry air, or see her die. Dan had sold his little store and come west, had built a cabin on the slopes of the Sierras between Nevada and California, and for lack of anything better to do, had taken up searching the mountain rocks and streams for pay-dirt.

"It was the luckiest thing I ever did," he told a bluejay that chattered from a lofty limb high above. "The very luckiest!"

He did not see the three men pause on the rimrock, half a mile above him. He did not see one of them lift a rifle and aim it; hesitate, then lower the rifle, shaking his head.

Ellen was waiting for him, slim and lovely as he remembered, waving a bit of cloth above her head, shouting in the crisp air. Then she was running swiftly down the shale of the pathway, into his arms.

He hugged her, carefully, dropping the sack.

"How are you, kitten? Better? Any more coughing?"

She looked up at him, and her eyes shone brightly. "Not even the tiniest, Dan! I've never felt so good! Old Doctor Murphy won't have to come up to see me any more. He said so himself!"

"No!"

In the excitement of her good news, Dan forgot the sack bulging at his feet. Then he remembered and swung it up. He laughed. "Take a look inside, Ellen!"

Her eyes rounded with awe. She whispered, "Gold? Is it really — gold?"

"It sure is, ma'am," rasped a voice from the heavy timber behind them. "Good yaller gold. Worth a fortune!"

Dan swung around, one hand groping inside his heavy, sheepskin-lined coat for his big Colt .45. Three men were stepping from the scrub and firs, one of them with a rifle uplifted in his hands. The muzzle of the Winchester was steadying on Dan's belly. He felt his stomach shrink sickly as his hand fell away from the butt of his gun.

Ellen was close beside him, hand to her mouth. "Dan, Dan — who are they? What do they want?"

The men were closer, now. One of them was clean-shaven, tall, and heavy in the shoulders. The others were thick-set, bearded men, with narrow, cruel eyes. The clean-shaven man took off his hat when he saw Ellen.

"Reckon you have no need to be alarmed, ma'am — if your husband has any sense at all, that is!"

Dan opened his mouth, then suddenly closed it. He said thickly, with the anger burning in him slowly, knowing what the men wanted, and despising them for their sly smiles, and the amusement that shone out of their eyes at his helplessness before them, "I got sense. What do you want?"

The clean-shaven man kicked the bulging sack with a boot-toe.

"This! The gold. That's what we want. And — a map showing where you found it."

Dan laughed coldly. "Take the gold. You're welcome to it. But the map, now — you'll never get that!"

One of the heavy, bearded men stepped forward with a growl, lifting out the big bone-handled hunting knife at his belt. "Let me work on him a little while, Hal," he said. "I know some Injun tricks . . ."

The man named Hal thrust the other back. The smile never left his face as he looked down at Ellen, studying her flushed cheeks, the thin body.

"No need to disturb the lady, Bert. Leastwise — not out here in the open! Let's all go inside, up yonder into the cabin!"

Dan led the way, with an arm around Ellen's shoulder. He let Hal shoulder the sack of crude gold nuggets and carry it. Once Ellen turned her face to look up at him, and whisper, "Dan, they think —" but his hand was tight on her shoulder, squeezing her to silence.

A fire roared in the stone hearth where copper cooking utensils were strung on a wire. The meaty odor of simmering stew hung fragrant and appetizing in the cabin. Hal drew the smell of the stuff into his lungs.

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and dropped the heavy sack. He went and stood over the pot, staring down into it, and smiling.

"Reckon there's no need for roughness until after we've eaten," he told everyone. "Light down, Crawford. Set yourself in a chair so Bert can watch you. Ma'am, I'd admire fine to have a platter of that stew in front of me. Not every man has such a pretty cook to be his wife."

Lips tightly compressed, Ellen went about gathering crockery and spoons. The bearded men watched her, and licked their lips. Men who lived by their guns and their wits rarely sat at a home-cooked meal.

Dan watched them carefully, wondering how and when his chance would come; and if it did, whether he could overcome the three of them. *They look like trouble had walked a long time with them, and they know how to handle it*, he found himself thinking. He did not despair until Hal came and tied his arms and legs tightly to a chair.

Then he sat and watched them eat, and knew himself beaten.

Midway in the meal, between the first and second helpings of the stew, the knock sounded on the door. Hal was out of his chair, Colt in hand, before Dan could turn toward the door.

"Answer it!" Hal whispered savagely. "Act ordinary. Give us away and your wife gets the first bullet!"

His knife freed Dan. Dan stood up, rubbing his wrists as they ached with the blood flowing back into them. He nodded, and went to the door.

Sam Jeffers stood in the doorway, grinning amiably. "Jest thought I'd stop by on my way to town, Dan! Mebbe you might like me to bring you some fixin's or bacon or some such?"

Dan smiled, but shook his head. "We have everything, Sam. Ohh, by the way. You might drop by and see Old Doc Murphy. Tell him my wife has been doing poorly lately. Ask him to stop up here next time he's around."

"Why, I — I'll be plumb glad to, Dan. You rest easy, now. I'll see he gets here right quick. Wouldn't want nothing to happen to Mrs. Dan, now would we?"

Dan closed the door, hearing Hal say, "That was handled just fine, Crawford. Natural-like! Mebbe we won't have to use no rough stuff, after all — if you're reasonable."

They tied him up again, but not as tightly as before, and he watched the trio wolf down the remainder of the stew. Then Hal thrust back his chair and jerked a thumb at the sack of gold just inside the door. "Plenty of that yaller stuff back where you found this?"

"Plenty," admitted Dan.

Hal laughed. "Just testin' you, hombre. We cut yore sign two weeks ago. We saw you nosin' around, then lost sight of you for a while. When we cut yore trail again — you had the gold." He drew a deep breath and leaned forward. "You found that gold while we lost sight of you. It could be anywhere back there in the hills. Be better for everybody if you'd scratch its location on this bit of paper."

He pushed a soiled sheet of paper across the bare tabletop. Dan said, "Reckon I'll have to think about it. . ."

Bert growled. "Let me at him, Hal! I know ways to make a wooden Injun talk. . .!"

Hal gestured the bearded man to silence. He leaned back and smiled, and his smile sent a cold shudder down Dan's back. Hal said, "You want time. Good! We've nothing to do. You have until darkness to make up your mind."

They sat there, silent, all of them. The bearded men took out their knives and toyed with them, looking steadily all the while at Dan. Once Ellen whimpered, and covered her face with her hands. The gathering dusk came swiftly down the mountainside, slipped under the door and through the windows. Outside, a coyote howled twice.

Hal got up and lighted a lamp. He looked at Dan who shrugged and said, "Cut me loose. I'll draw your map."

He took a long time doing it. Outside the coyote howled again, and then again. Dan shoved the paper across the table. Hal picked it up and studied it, frowning. His lips moved once or twice, as if checking his own knowledge against what the map showed. Satisfied, he folded it carefully and put it in his coat.

"Let's go, boys," he told the others.

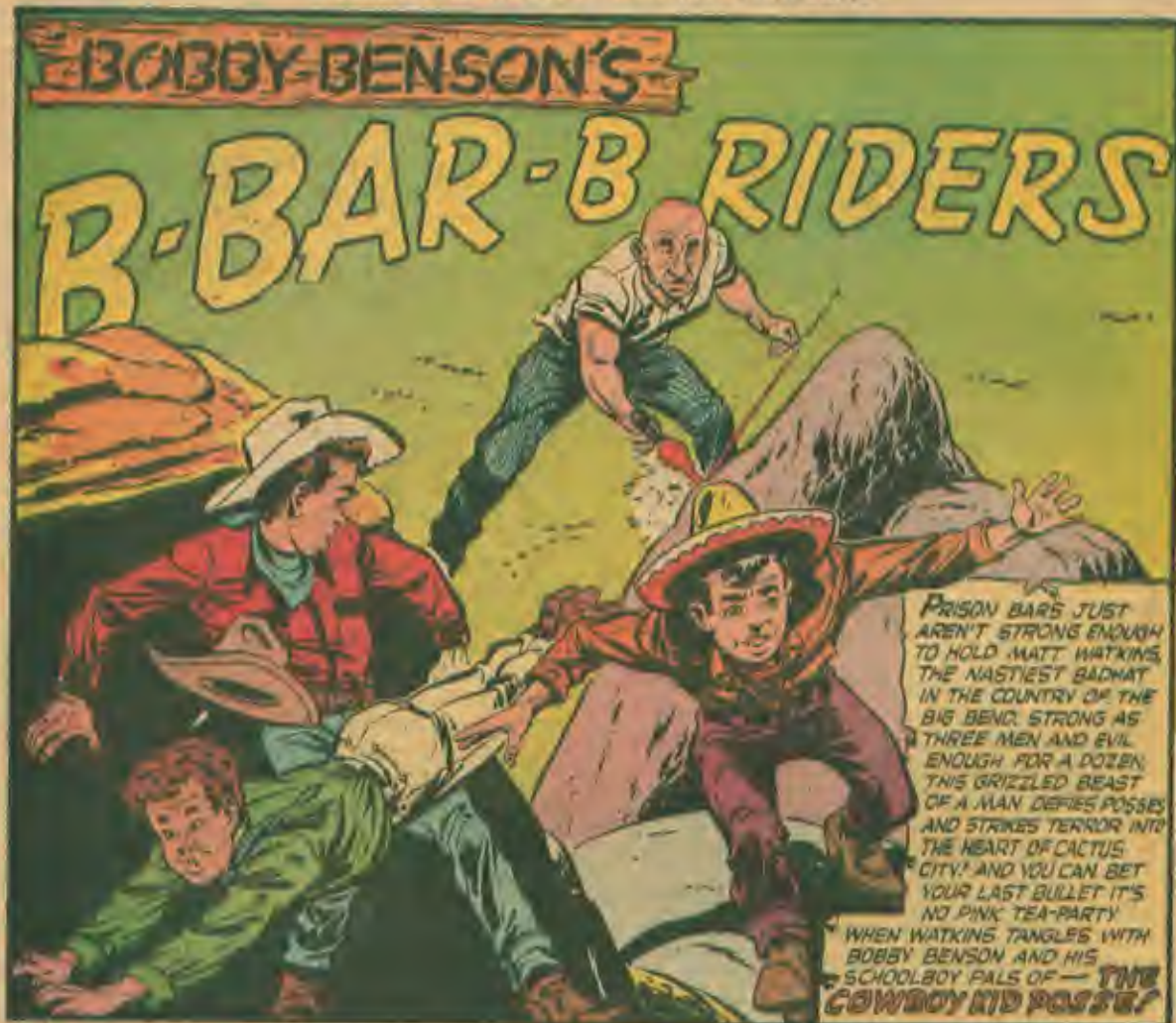
They picked up their packs and followed him to the door. When Hal swung it open, a man with a star on his coat stood there, a heavy Colt in his hand, aimed at Hal's belly. Behind him there were other men, all with guns in their hands.

Dan stood up as the men came in. He nodded to them. He said, "Outlaws are always strangers in any community. These bad hats thought Ellen was my wife — but it happens she's my sister. Everybody 'round here knew that. It tipped Sam off that something was wrong."

"I spied on 'em from back yonder, Dan," announced Sam. "When I saw you tied up, I run like a scared jackrabbit fer the sheriff an' some boys! That was me howlin' like a coyote to tip you off we were here."

Dan held out his hand toward Hal. "The map," he said. When he had it safely in his fingers he went toward the fire and dropped it in. "I'll file claim in the morning. I won't need this — not any more!"

THE END



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



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POSSE!
OH, BOY!

AND WE BROUGHT OUR HORSES
TO SCHOOL TODAY!... C'MON,
GANG—LET'S GO! C'MON
CRISCO! SPOT, SLAP LEATHER!
HURRY UP, DIEGO!



HEY! NOW JIST WHAR
D'YUH THINK YUH'RE
GOIN'?

GOSH, WE THOUGHT
WE'D COME ALONG ON
THE POSSE, SHERIFF!



THUNDER! A POSSE AIN'T
NO PLACE FER KIDS! I'M
ORDERIN' EVERY ONE O'YUH
HOME RIGHT NOW! AN' JES!
YUH SEE YUH GIT THAR SAFE
AND SOUND, I'LL SEND A
MAN ALONG TO PURTECT
YUH!



WINDY WALES...
YUH'RE THUH
MAN!

AW, SHERIFF... I
NIX!!



KEEP 'EM AWAY
FROM THE BORDER,
WINDY—'CAUSE THAT'S
WHAR MAT WATKINS
IS SHORE TO GO. GIT
THEM KIDS HOME
SAFE!

BLANKETY
BLANKETY...



SHERIFF WARREN WOULDN'T
LET ME GO 'LONG ON THET POSSE
'CAUSE HE WUZ SKEERED I'D
STEAL HIS THUNDER, THET'S
WHAT! EFN THAR'S ANYONE
MAT WATKINS IS SKEERED OF...



...IT'S ME! WHY I'D SHOOT
THET VARMINT SO FULL O' HOLES,
THEY'D HEAR THE WIND WHISTLIN'
THROUGH 'IM! I'D...

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



YAAAAA! YOU COULDN'T HIT A BARN, MISTER, EVEN IF YOU WERE INSIDE IT!



MAT WATKINS CHASES BOBBY AND HIS PALS FROM ROCK TO ROCK, BUT THE WIRY YOUNG COWBOYS ARE ELUSIVE AS EELS...

ALL RIGHT, GUYS—HE'S GOT THREE MORE SHOTS LEFT IN WINDY'S SIX-SHOOTER. WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT WAYS TO MAKE HIM GOOF THEM OFF—~~THEY~~ WE GO INTO ACTION!



GOT 'EM!



CONSERN IT! NUTHIN' BUT A LIZARD UNDER THIS HAT! I JIST WASTED ANOTHER BULLET!

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